I'm sorry that you feel so angry and so unhappy. But I'd rather know that you're angry and unhappy with me, the world and yourself, than have you smiling at me one second and asking me to fuck off the next.

Rather than bamboozling me with contorted arguments or accusations you can hardly believe yourself, I'd rather you reflected on what it is you want out of this one life the world you've learned to hate has to offer you.

It's not down to me to make you happy, and I shouldn't enact the role you want me to just so I can better fit in your bubble of isolation. You need to work out for yourself what you wish to do with your own life and what it is you need to achieve. How many more languages do you need to learn, how many more domains do you need to conquer, how many more geniuses you need to admire and depedastalise, and for what purpose? You seem to consume knowledge like others consume meth.

But it's as if your only goal is to either achieve the impossibly amazing, or nothing. There seems to be no compromise, no happy medium. There seem to be no timelines either, where even a project of lifetime effort may never reach perfection before you die.

My impression is that you erroneously see abusers all around, because it's easier for you to cope with being abused than to confront your own demons: the fact that you're the one who's wasting your own life walled off and incapacitated in an imaginary world of abstractions and cerebrality that numbs you to what truly matters.

I often ask myself what would happen if you ever finished writing your elusive second viola concerto or your metaontological dissertation, and how your life would change when whichever future magnum opus of yours gets such reviews as to secure your place in history.

Would the effort really have been worth it? Would you feel happy then or would you feel as used and empty as you feel every time you spend months directing and orchestrating the mediocre 'art' of some overpaid celebrity, not sleeping for nights, where you cry and feel taken advantage of, but then things go miraculously well, and you get told you're a genius, a validation that you implicitly regard as justifying your exploitation?

Does that make you happy and less angry with the world? It pains me to watch you enslaved in your prison. Your music teacher robbed you of your childhood and now you're robbing yourself of your own adult life.

I feel stronger for no longer allowing you to highjack my mental space, but it deeply saddens me to see you markets obsessed as a new balm at the expense of your growing as a person.

My theory is, and I could be wrong, that being abused, selling your soul, and being taken advantage of has left you unable to sacrifice yourself to the mundane. A grandiose inversion of Jesus on the cross, you'll happily make a sacrifice to the divine, which for you extends to the realm of idealism. If only you could learn to tolerate average people, if you were able to spend less time protecting yourself and just learned to see the world in a more benevolent light, you'd feel cozier, warmer and happier than in the cold, arrogant and dismissive Babble tower you live in.

Watching your sister's behaviour, I agree with you and tell myself that she'll never change, her emotions will always be fake, she'll resent everyone around her and she'll never be happy.

Although in certain ways you're more extreme than your sister, you're also more sophisticated, wiser and kinder. And, I think therefor you have it in you to wake up one day and start undigging yourself from your own hole.

I want to support you in doing whatever you think is right for you, it's just that when you get angry at me, I just don't think it's me you're angry with. I really don't think that what you ask of me is what you need. It's not with me you need to win the argument, it is the world out there you need to conquer.

I hope some of this is helpful. If it isn't, I apologise and will keep trying for both our sanities.

I just fear you overrely on transhumanism coming to save you while the money growing on trees you've planted tricks you into feeling safe, but you're not treating your real life

with much respect. You've made huge strides in dealing with the past by going to the police, you've found your father and excised your malignant twin, but please change the narrative:

Soften up, become more human, more loving, write a happier and more fulfilling second part of your life.

Marsopa tuyo 🐬 ❤️‍🩹